You Never Remind Me

Linda Eder

You never remind me of Paris in spring
A Rembrandt I find, to my mind you don't bring
There's no work of art could start to compareYou never remind me of pricey French wine
Or tuxedoed gents who have dinner at nine
Every other man is Vin OrdinaireYou're so unique I find, so well designed
That every single thing about you
Reminds me of only youYou never remind me of summers in Spain
The sun when it's setting, the sound of the rain
New years with Dick Clark or Park AvenueYou never remind me of Sir Lancelot
My memory of him is totally shot
King Midas touch, not much next to you'Cause if the truth be known when we're alone
Then every single thing about you
Reminds me of only youYou never remind me of Gods that are Greek, my dear
And though I may hang on each word that you speak, it's clear
Ahead and behind me I lose track of all events
And as a consequence you are my present tenseYou never remind me of anyone who
Reminds me of anyone other than you
Compare though I will, I still can't equate'Cause when you're here with me then vis--vis
You raise the heat repeatedly, so if I forget to recall
Remind me again, that's all, that's all, that's all

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